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THE BRIDGE FIRE.

The burning of the new East River Bridge last evening was the most beautiful conflagration ever witnessed by New Yorkers. The tall pillar of fire and the flaming strands across the stream high in midair were exceedingly spectacular—aerial pyrotechnics on a gigantic scale, nature dwarfing Mr. Pain's most ambitious imitative art to insignificance. The sight was enjoyed by thousands in ecstatic forgetfulness of the danger and the large property loss.

But let us turn from an appreciation of the fire's grandeur to the somewhat commonplace consideration of what caused it. By whose carelessness were the twenty-five barrels of oil and pitch stored on the top of the pier where a spark might set them ablaze? Why was this reckless storage of inflammable material permitted there high in air which on terra firma would have caused severe penalties to be visited on the owner—if, of course, the inspector saw it? Who was the inspector who did not inspect? It was to similar negligence that we owed the Park avenue subway explosion near the Murray Hill Hotel. It is a kind of negligence, inviting disaster everywhere, which seems too widely prevalent.

Young Mr. Vanderbilt's B. A.—Reginald Vanderbilt is to be congratulated on the persistence that has won him his college degree at Yale. And having got it, will he squander a dollar on a frame for it?

THE MOLINEUX VERDICT.

A verdict may be looked for to-day in the Molineux case.

The defense has lately availed itself of some very absurd testimony to establish the prisoner's innocence, but it has hardly been more absurd than that brought against him by the prosecution. It may have seemed to the lay mind at times that the circumstances imputed a strong presumption of guilt to the young man-about-town mixed up in the intrigues of a fast set. But circumstantial evidence, hazardous when apparently most convincing, has been very loose and inexact in this trial. It became exceedingly loose where it sought to condemn a man to death because of a fancied resemblance of "supinated s's," pen pressure and other details of penmanship.

And beyond this conflicting testimony of the handwriting experts what else had the prosecution to offer in the way of evidence legally incriminating? Admitting that the State made out a plausible hypothetical case against the prisoner, what did it show against him by direct evidence? Not that he bought the bottle-holder, or that he mailed it, or that it needed his expert knowledge of chemistry to procure the poison, or that the hiring of a private letter-box and the requests for samples of medicines from manufacturing chemists, suspicious, perhaps, in themselves, had a direct bearing on the killing of Mrs. Adams. Nor that the quarrel with Cornish was sufficient to induce an impulse to commit murder.

Even moral certainty of the prisoner's guilt could not justify a verdict against him. The Scotch verdict "Not proven" fits the case.

THE MOYNIHAN CHARGES.

Among the charges on which ex-Capt. Moynihan is to be tried are some of a peculiarly interesting nature contained in an affidavit made by Frank Raimondo, a hostler in the employ of the Street-Cleaning Department. Raimondo alleges that on June 9 last he and two keepers of a disorderly house in East One Hundred and Tenth street met Moynihan by appointment and agreed to pay him \$40 a month in hush money on the guarantee that their resort would not be raided by the police. The next day the money was paid to the Police Captain and the resort continued to do business without interruption for a period of six weeks. At the end of that time Inspector Kane raided it over Moynihan's head.

The point of peculiar interest is that after six months of Partridge conditions in this precinct were to all intents and purposes as bad as they had been in the days of Deveryism. They were sufficiently bad at any rate to justify these willing victims of blackmail in the belief that they could play their illicit profession on the old plan of payment, the only question being as to whether the rate of assessment under the new captain would be higher than under his predecessors. Moynihan had not been in the precinct a week when they proceeded, following an old Devery precedent, to step up to the captain's office, inquire the price, and having learned it to pay it without protest. And the payment secured them immunity from interruption as long as the captain's authority prevailed.

The episode is instructive as revealing the estimate at which the victims of police blackmail hold the Commissioner's efforts to reform his department.

PATERSON'S SCHOOLMA'AMS.

By way of affording protection to a local industry the Paterson School Commissioners adopted the rule years ago of employing only home girls as teachers in the city's public schools. This fostered and shielded against imported pauper teachers, the local output of schoolma'ams flourished and grew famous. None smarter or prettier were to be found anywhere; they reflected credit alike on their town and on the wisdom of the protective system.

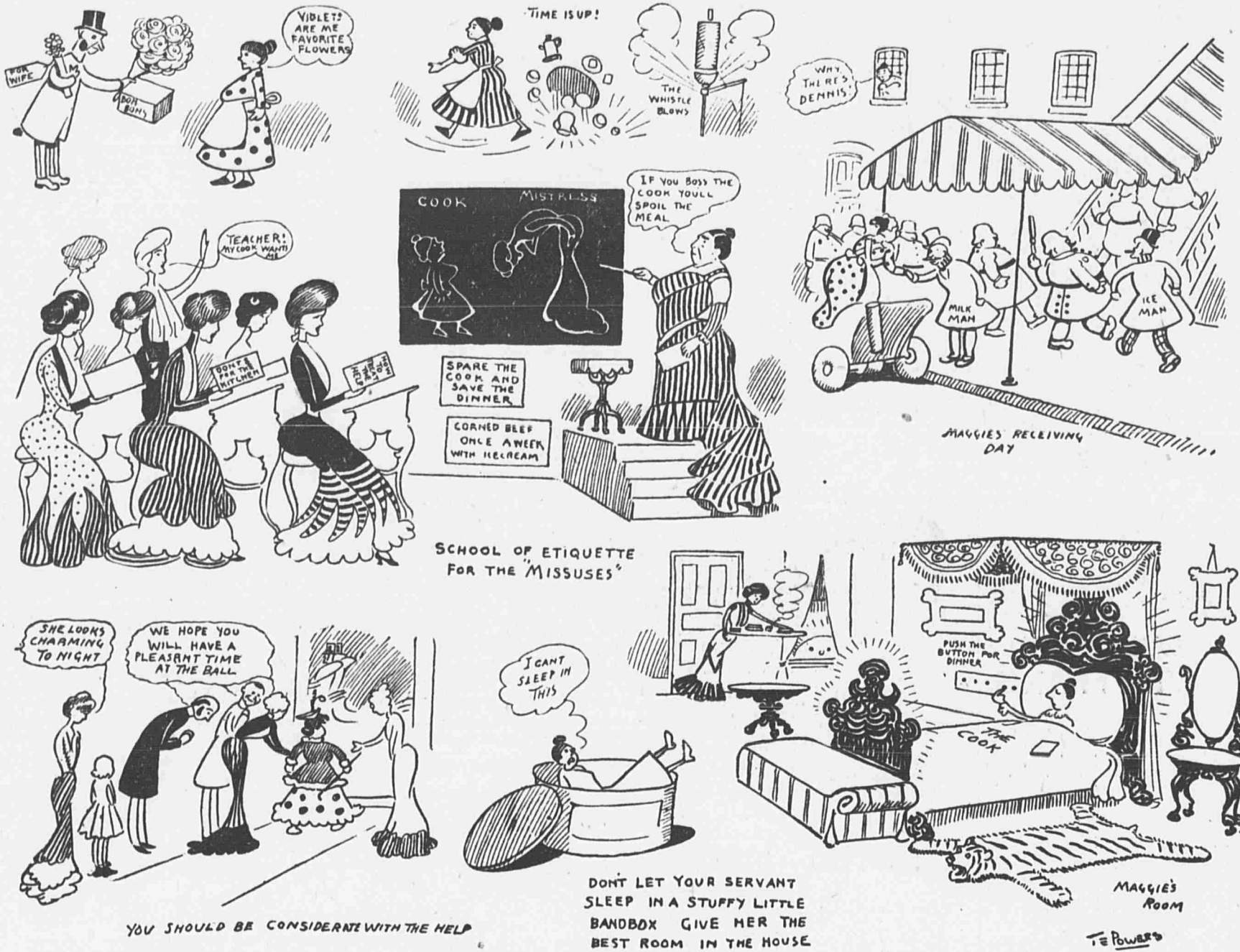
But the canny commissioners had reckoned without their host. A pretty schoolma'am is always in demand as a wife. The Paterson preceptresses, accomplished and beautiful beyond their kind, became so sought after in marriage that the commissioners find themselves left with too few this season to run the schools. Within less than six months twenty-four have resigned to go to the altar and others are expected to send in their resignations for similar reasons during the Christmas holidays. As there are no candidates to replace them the shortage has become serious.

Thus the condition now confronting the commissioners demands immediate attention. It is for them to decide whether to stand by their principles and close up some of the schools or let down the bars for an influx of outside schoolma'ams. It is a decision likely to be fraught with momentous consequences. We can foresee many applications from Massachusetts for employment in this matrimonial mart.

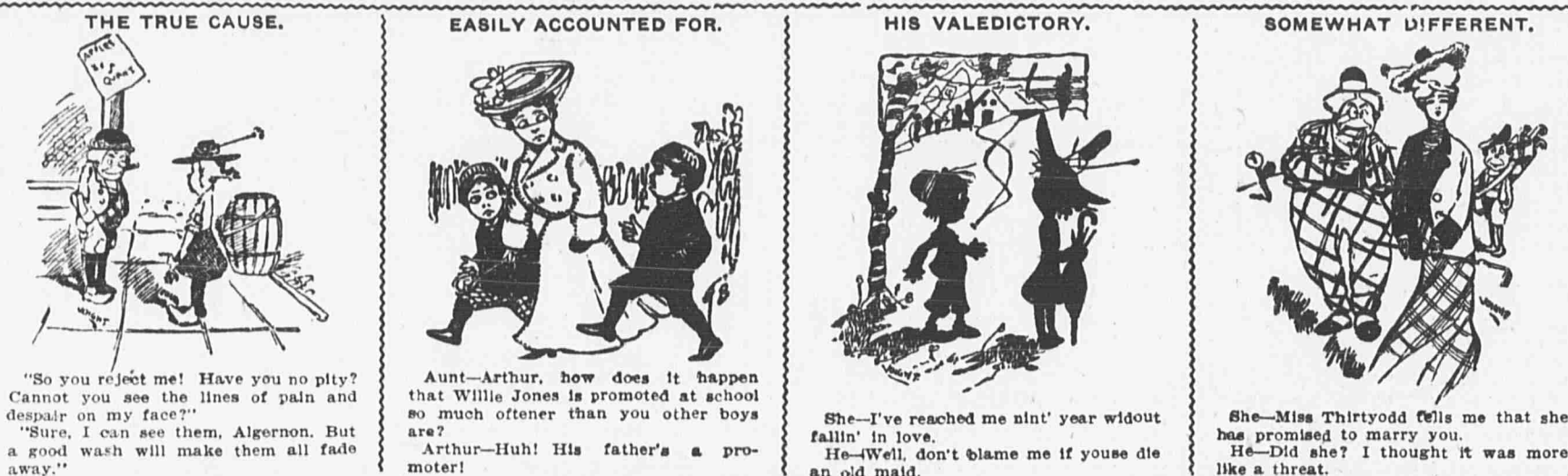
Dogs in Flats.—Alderman Goldwater's anti-canine ordinance provides that "no person shall keep or harbor any dog or dogs in the city of New York in any apartment-house, flat-house or tenement-house occupied by more than one family." It will probably not be difficult for the Alderman to get his ordinance through the Board, it is not a tunnel franchise. But has he provided any means for disposing of the present canine colony when it is evicted from the "apartments, flats and tenements" now housing it? The stupor of the problem might well make even an alderman reflect.

The New Training—for Employers of Servants.

Artist Powers Pictures the Mistress and Maid of the Future.



Until something of the Utopian sort that Mr. Powers here depicts comes to pass, Mrs. Sarah Olesheimer, President of the New York Trades School for Girls, declares there will be a domestic-help famine, and the family cooking and bed making and carpet sweeping in many a house will not get the skilled and careful attention which they require. There must be reform in the ranks of the "missuses," she says, before the now depleted ranks of servant-girls will fill up again. "Help!"

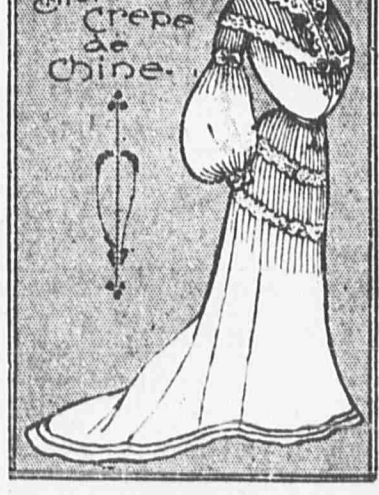


Mme. Judice Helps Home Dressmakers.

Mme. Judice, who is connected with one of the leading dress-making establishments of this city, has been secured by The Evening World, and will conduct this department, in which home dressmakers will be given helpful advice. Questions relating to dressmaking will be answered by Mme. Judice.

Dear Mme. Judice: I would like to have a black crepe de Chine made. Do you think a plain skirt with a yoke would be nice? Also, how can I have the waist made? I would like something fancy, with a touch of color on it. I want it made in the latest fashion as it must do me next year. A. C. R.

Your crepe de Chine will make up beautifully in the new tucked design illustrated. While it is simple and not hard to make, it is very artistic and dressy. The tucks are about one-fourth of an inch wide, with about one-half inch spaces between. After your waist, skirt and sleeves are all tucked, lay on the trimming, which is black guipure lace, and when sewed in firmly cut out the crepe from beneath it. Under the yoke and collar (which look like one piece of guipure lace) you can wear a forest colored silk adjustable yoke—white, pale blue or green, and in this way change the gown quite a good deal. A narrow girle of black panne velvet and six cabochons of jet with bangles on the front of the bodice make an elegant black gown. Of course your drop skirt and under bodice must be of black taffeta silk.



(Designed for A. C. R.)

TO STEAM CREPE.
Dear Mme. Judice: Kindly tell me how to steam crepe that is wet with rain and now very stringy. Mrs. E. P. Brooklyn, N. Y.

My advice to renovate crepe is to take it to some reliable dyeing and cleaning establishment as the most satisfactory and probably economical plan for it is almost too delicate a fabric for amateur handling. However, a home method, if you prefer it, is the following:

Hold your crepe over a pot of boiling water until it has become thoroughly impregnated with the steam, then pull open the mesh crosswise very gently with the hands, being careful not to pull too much in some places or too little in others. After it is shaped sufficiently lay it flat and evenly on a table or bed and allow to dry thoroughly. Great care must be taken to keep the crepe straight on the edges and no bulging spaces in the centre, or it will be worse than just "stringy" when you have finished.

A JACKET TO MATCH.
Dear Mme. Judice: I have two skirts, one a brown zibeline flounced and of a tailor-made appearance, the other a black diagonal with slot seams, beneath which is plaid. I must choose a jacket to be worn with both. I have considered zibeline to match brown and a black velvet. What would you advise? What material and how make it?

Mrs. ELIZABETH A. SEAMAN, Smithville, South, L. I.

By all means have the coat of black, as it is all around the most appropriate for your two skirts as well as serviceable and popular for general wear. In-

stead of black velvet why not make it of the crinkled velour, which is strictly new and in appearance closely resembles the baby lamb—or broad-tail fur—only it has the wearing advantage of the fur. It can be found at any of the first-class dry goods shops and is about same price as good quality of velvet, only it is wider. So in the long run it is less expensive. Have it made any length you prefer, with wide and rolling revers reaching to the waist line. Storm collar and full bishop sleeves. This is the most popular mode for coats this winter.

THE PLAID UMBRELLA.
More and more conspicuous are the umbrellas becoming—or rather, have become. The very latest importations are positively not only to be "handled with care" but fear, for they look as if they might walk off with you instead of with them. The women in the smartest set "are fairly crazed over them." As she sailed down Fifth avenue during the fashionable hour she looked around—yes, I say looked around—and looking dangerous but feeling sublimely satisfied with an umbrella of brilliant red and black plaid. It was mounted on a long crooked stick of bright red enamelled wood. The general effect was very smart indeed, and when carried with a well turned out tailor-made suit of black cloth, with facings, vest, collar and cuffs of red cloth and large black hat with plumes, the entire outfit was perfect. The plaid silk parasol, however, will be one of the features or fads of the coming winter season, and there is no doubt that during a heavy rain or snow storm it will be quite an "oasis in the desert," taking the place as it will, of the dull black umbrella of the past.

THROUGH THE SHOPS.
Hand-painted mousseline de sole gowns are distinctly elegant and charmingly pretty. Scent balls shaped like a nut or fruit or tassel come in gun metal or German silver set with precious stones and provided with a tiny sponge saturated with edelweiss or some other perfume equally as fashionable. Blurred floral designs in fancy silks recalling the days of Mme. Pompadour are in great vogue for waist and bag trimmings.

ZEBRAS AS DRAUGHT ANIMALS.

The Official Gazette of Mombasa recently contained an advertisement stating that Baron Brunsart van Scheibendorff, of Kilmarnock was prepared to supply tamed, but unbroken zebras at \$15 to \$150 apiece, and thoroughly broken beasts at double those figures. This goes to disprove the old saying that the zebra is untamable. Indeed, this has been shown over and over again not to be the truth, for tamed zebras have before now been driven in several parts of the world.

A zebra is, for its size, the most powerful draught animal in the world—stronger even than a mule. It is also much handsomer than a mule, can travel enormous distances without tiring, and needs less care and attention than the horse. Some of the zebra tribes are fifteen hands high. One that was sent by the Emperor Menelik to Queen Victoria two years ago was fully this height and enormously strong. Zebras are also fast, can travel unshod over rough country and are immune to tsetse-fly bite.

RENAN TALKED TOO LONG.

A certain woman in Paris gives periodical dinners, at which assemble most of the best-known wits and literati of the day. The rule of the mansion is that while one person discourses no interruption whatever can be permitted. It is said that M. Renan once attended one of these dinners, and, being in excellent vein, talked without a break during the whole repast. Toward the end of the dinner a guest was heard to commence a sentence, but he was instantly silenced by the hostess. After they had left the table, however, she at once informed the extinguished individual that, as M. Renan had now finished his conversation, she would gladly hear what he, the guest, had to say. The guest modestly declined; the hostess insisted; he said, "I am certain it was something of consequence," she said, "Alas, madame," he answered, "it was, indeed, but it is now too late! I should have liked a little more of that lead pudding."

SOMEBODIES.

CASTELLANE, COUNTESS DE—formerly Miss Anna Gould, owns the bed formerly slept in by the famous Mme. de Sevigne. It is of gilded cedar, inlaid with jewels, and each panel was painted by one of the old masters.

DAWES, H. L.—ex-United States Senator from Massachusetts, has just celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday. He served thirty-six years in Congress and is still at the head of the Dawes Indian Commission.

KAISER WILHELM—has the following shooting record for the past thirty years: Deer, 3,893; rabbits, 15,363; pheasants, 18,891; wild boars, 2,522, making a total of 45,211 head of game.

LORENZ, DR.—the Vienna specialist, is about to receive from the Northwestern University the degree of LL. D.

PEABY, ROBERT E.—has reported for duty at the Navy Department, but will not be put to work until he recovers from his late operation. He still moves about on crutches.

A Few Remarks.

Mostly on the Topics of the Day.

The horse that wins at 100 to 1 is the bookmaker's best press agent.

Lucky the man who laid in plenty of auto-election coal!

Conf. in says soldiers ought to sing. And yet a soldier's marriage is just the very utmost thing He wishes to disparage.

To reconcile these views, he must insist in baring love-songs from the martial list.

"She's the worst sort of gossip," "I never heard her retailing any scandal."

"No, she leads you on until you tell it to her by wholesale, and she'll never tell you any in return."—Philadelphia Press.

There's still a much closer kinship between the Wolf and the Door than between the Consumer and the Coal.

"I wonder how long men lived a thousand years ago."

"Pretty much the same as short men lived I guess."

"Why are you always borrowing trouble?"

"It's the only thing I can get credit for."

"Yes," said the aeronaut, "my flying machine is a failure. I'll know better next time."

"Wouldn't it fly?"

"No. But that didn't make so much difference. My mistake was in making it so big that I couldn't bring it into the lecture hall, where the audience could see it."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Tingley's canine "Spot!"

Wears robes of purple flame.

Tammany's "Two Spots" shy on "robes."

But arrives there just the same.

The handwriting expert is the latest New York fad to reach Boston. Compared to it in price the auto is a toy for the Very Poor.

Mrs. Wadsworth—Oh, dear!

Mrs. Gadsden—What is the trouble?

Mrs. Wadsworth—I'm so unlucky. My old nurse has left me and the new one I have is so unreliable that I don't feel at all easy in my mind unless I see the children at least two or three times a week. It's so exasperating.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Yes, I'm to be Othello in the Shakespearean tableau. I'm to stand with folded arms while Desdemona and her father are greeting me with wild enthusiasm."

"I should think they'd call that tableau 'Much Ado About Nothing.'"

"Yes, he landed in America penniless and now he has cornered a dozen products."

"These foreigners have such Trustful dispositions."

"Willies, who is that girl at the other end of the parlor?"

"I've been trying all evening to think of her name. She's rather pretty, don't you think?"

"Rather pretty? By George, she's a peach!"

"Ah, that helps me to recall her name. She is a Miss Crawford."—Chicago Tribune.

Has the Automobile Police corps been organized in Paris on the theory of "set a thief to catch a thief?"

Those without sufficient libraries cast the first corner stone.

"The inhabitants of the South Sea Islands never jest, I hear."

"Well, can you wonder? They don't use coal. Ice and gas bills are unknown. They have no flats; hence there are no janitors; and they eat the mothers-in-law. So what material would there be to make jokes about?"

"I suppose," said the earnest young writer, "that I will be recognized what I am no longer alive."

"Of course you will," answered the cheerful editor, "unless you have the misfortune to get blown up by dynamite or mangled in a railway wreck or something of that kind."—Washington Star.

"Times have changed in the management of schools since we were boys."

"Yes, indeed. The old-time shingle, an instrument of correction, has grown into a 'Board of Education.'"

The Chilians have no autos yet.

No wonder that their nation must 'travel' each week to check its surplus populations!

"So you married in haste? Did you repent at leisure?"

"No. At our Harlem flat."

She was an Eighth avenue girl, was her first visit to the country. She admired everything. A honeymoon was one item of the Symphony of Indignation which her Pompton (N. J.) home miscalled "Supper." Beholding the honey the Eighth avenue maiden served:

"Ah! I see you keep a bee!"

Snifkins—I was going to propose her, but I thought first I'd read a some love verses I'd written about her.

Miss Peppery—And did she like them?

Snifkins—Well, she remarked if she ever married she'd prefer a man with more money than brains.

Miss Peppery—Ah! Then you proposed and were accepted.—Philadelphia Press.

Since Partridge stopped all police-for-snaps, Jack Frost is sore perplexed. For fear he'll lay his knitting by To stop all cold snaps next.

The new Library will contain 1,000,000 volumes. To read each one carefully a really clever man would require more than 2,738 years.

"But can you cook? asked the prosaic young man."

"Let us take these questions up in their proper order," returned the wise girl. "The matter of cooking is not the first to be considered," he demanded.

"Can you provide the things to be cooked?"—Chicago Evening Post.

"What became of your great social lion?"

"He was arrested for shoplifting."

"And now, I suppose, he's joined his fellow lions behind the bars?"

Said the toy firm, Dolmayer & Co.:

"This new 'jumping frog' will not jump."

Never mind. We'll be wise.

And present him as prize.

With the patent toy pump that won't pump."

Grab your rabbit's foot! Uncle Sam's Post-Office has issued a 13-cent stamp. Now, look out for one with a ladder engraved on it, or with a picture of some cross-eyed patriot.

TWO QUEENS OF SONG.



This picture is a snapshot taken of Nordica and Patti. As the two singers were not posed for the occasion, but met in natural and hearty good will, the photo should go far toward refuting the stories of professional hatred among singers.

LITERARY REFERENCES.

For clearness read Macaulay.
For logic read Burke and Bacon.
For action read Homer and Scott.
For consciousness read Bacon and Pope.
For sublimity of conception read Milton.
For vivacity read Stevenson and Kipling.
For imagination read Shakespeare.
For elegance read Virgil, Milton and Arnold.
For common sense read Benjamin Franklin.
For simplicity read Burns, Whitlitter and Bunyan.

THE CHEAT.

Love and I threw dice one day;
Love threw cinque and I threw tray;
"Loaded dice!" I straightway cried;
All my protests were denied.
Love, in spite of all I said,
Pocketed the stakes and fled.
Useless further to complain—
I had lost my heart again.
And the play was false, 'tis true
Ah! I wonder if he knew
With what intricate device
I myself had caged the dice?
—F. L. Pollock in the Smart Set.